

MISCELLANEOUS.

**BILIOUSNESS
AND
CONSTIPATION
CURED BY
THE FORD'S
BLACK DRAUGHT**

Because the liver is neglected people suffer with constipation, biliousness, headaches and fevers. Colds attack the lungs and contagious diseases take hold of the system. It is safe to say that if the liver were always kept in proper working order, illness would be almost unknown.

The Ford's Black Draught is so successful in curing such sickness because it is without a rival as a liver regulator. This great family medicine is not a strong and drastic drug, but a mild and healthful laxative that cures constipation and may be taken by a mere child without possible harm.

The beautiful action on the liver cures biliousness. It has an invigorating effect on the kidneys. Because the liver and kidneys do not work regularly, the poisonous acids along with the waste from the bowels get back into the blood and violent contagion results.

Timely treatment with The Ford's Black Draught removes the dangers which lurk in constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and will positively forestall the invasions of Bright's disease, for which disease in advanced stages there is no cure. Ask your dealer for 25c. package of The Ford's Black Draught.

**LOVE AND
YOUTH**By
MARJORIE HENDRICKS

Anna Whelan woke up with a start to the realization that as a summer girl she was not in the running.

For some time after the young people had tripped down the steps and across the lawn to the inn, where the musicians were already tuning up for the hop, she sat alone gazing unblinkingly out into the moonlit grove. Then a faint perfume stole over her shoulder and a well known voice sounded behind her.

"Oh, Miss Whelan, I am so glad to find you! We are trying to make up a game of bridge. You will play, won't you?"

"I am awfully sorry," said Anna, rising, "but I am a wretched player and always rouse the ire of my partner. Besides, I have a wee headache to-night, which would make me more than ordinarily stupid at the game. Some other time."

"I hope you will feel better tomorrow. Is there anything I can do for you? Some salts?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Whelan, with a smile.

She wished she might have been more obliging. The invitation had come from one of the most popular women in the hotel, popular, but middle-aged, and Anna Whelan was not ready to be middle-aged. Alone again, she dropped back in her chair, leaned her head against the high wicker back and closed her eyes. And for this—to be left alone on the piazza—she had saved part of her salary all winter, had invested part of her savings in the quaintest of summer finery, had counted the days until her vacation began.

She recalled the enthusiasm with which she had heard the other girls plan for the stay at Wisconsin. There were six of them in all who lived in a bachelor maids' apartment in town, and for a month or more the one topic of conversation had been the sailing parties, the daily bath in the sea, the clambakes, and the nightly hops for which Wisconsin was famous. The girls had insisted that Miss Whelan come with them, and she now realized that they had done everything to make her one of them since their arrival at the shore. They had always dined with her into their merry-making plans. She was with them, yet not of them, and she knew wherein lay the fault. It was in her years.

Her cheeks somehow had retained the delicate pink flush of girlhood, but the soft gray hair waved above her forehead told the bald truth of her years. Her pretty frocks were more dainty, more costly, than those worn by the girls around her, but Miss Whelan's taste in dress had always been good, and with advancing years she had adopted the more subdued colorings and simpler styles. Her summer wardrobe was that of a chaperon rather than that of a debutante. Yet at heart she was a summer girl. She felt as young and took as keen an interest in youthful pleasures as any eighteen-year-old girl. Sitting there in the moonlight, she realized that, once robbed of youth, a woman could not buy the lost treasure back at any price.

Her childhood had been narrow, penned in by poverty and an invalid mother pettish and exacting. Death had carried away one burden, that of unappreciated nursing, only to lay upon her shoulders another, that of part housekeeper, part breadwinner. She had gone into a shop as cash girl and had attended to the household duties night and morning. When she was sixteen years old she sat up until nearly daybreak three nights in succession to set stitches in her sister's confinement dress. The sister went through the high school, as did the younger brother, and while they studied Anna was steadily advancing in the store. When she became braver for her department and took her first trip abroad it brought back the pink in her cheeks that had fled before her tenth birthday, but Anna was now three times ten.

On her return from Europe she found that the same disease which had wrecked her childhood and carried away her mother had again entered her home. This time it carried away in quick succession brother and sister. Anna found herself alone and lonesome. She fled to the bachelor maids' apartments for companionship and was made welcome by these girls ten years or more her junior. With them she had grown young again. She had almost forgotten the gray hair. It had taken the thoughtless boys in blue serge and white duck to drive the iron into her heart. They were nice to her because they knew that the girls would not forgive them if they were otherwise. But that was not youth and the right to be young and joyous and silly. Anna sat up very straight. She had become possessed of a sudden desire to giggle, yet many a time and oft she had reproached the little cash girls for their own department for giggling.

Laughter and music lay down the lawn. They hurt. She lay and fled to her room, now was real. She tore gown and flung it heedlessly and slipped into a kimono. Then she sat window, thinking bitterly, cheated her out of the joy of being young as she sat in the quiet a sob reached her ear. Like a patter of bare feet from the hall.

open her door. A small figure huddled against it fell in toward her. "Oh, please, I'm so frightened all alone! May I come in?" "You surely may," said Anna as she drew the shivering, weeping child into the room.

She recognized her now. It was the serious faced little girl who had a room two doors beyond. She had often seen her on the sand and on the porch with her nurse. It did not take Anna very long to learn that the child was motherless, in the care of a young and headless aunt and an ignorant nursemaid. The former was absorbed in the social affairs at the inn and the latter in the gatherings in the servants' hall. Little Grace had been left quite alone in her room, and a strong draft had blown out the lamp, so that between the darkness and an ugly dream she had wakened up in terror.

That was the beginning of a new holiday for Anna Whelan. The nurse and young aunt had little to do from that time on save to provide for Grace's physical wants. Anna was her constant companion. She seemed determined to give this shy ten-year-old girl all the companionship, the sympathy, the simple, unaffected pleasures which had been denied her own childhood. She did not dream that in the moments when they were not together Grace in her stiff, unformed writing was sending a daily chronicle of their companionship to her father. Nor could she know of the resentment which filled his soul against the well paid and heedless caretakers of his child and the curiosity regarding the girl with the gray hair and pink cheeks who was mothering his wee bairn, for Grace assured him in every way that Miss Whelan was quite as young as Aunt Hattie.

When he finally came down to spend a Sunday with his daughter his first step was to meet Anna. He smiled as his daughter gravely introduced her as "my friend, Miss Whelan." They were such an absurdly different couple and yet so very much alike in interests and pleasures. He found his gaze traveling constantly over the brown head of his daughter to the gray head of his new found friend, and he began to understand the letters better.

On Monday morning he did not go back to town, but told his sister Hattie that he had only just commenced to realize how the office had worn him down. He needed a week's rest.

Three nights later he was sitting in a sheltered corner of the veranda with Miss Whelan when two members of the elderly porch brigade strolled slowly by, talking in a high keyed voice which came squarely to their secluded corner.

"You wouldn't have given her credit for being so clever," she probably knew the child's father was worth a million. "No, I understand he is not worth anything of the sort. He is only a corporation lawyer, and I think she liked Grace for her own sake."

The two women passed out of hearing. The pink had fled from Anna's face, leaving it tired and white. She rose unsteadily, but the man took her firmly by the arm and drew her back to her chair.

"Don't go, please. I know you care for Grace for her own sake. Do you think you could care for me for mine? I wanted to ask you this the first night."

Instinctively Anna's hand reached up to her hair. "Oh, I couldn't! I've known you such a short time—people would talk—and I'm really too old to have a love affair."

She did not speak bitterly, just simply, as if a thought long unspoken had found utterance. The man took both of her hands in his.

"My dear girl, love never grows old, and neither will you."

Miner Rats.

Every mine that has an entrance on the level is infested by rats, and there is no surer indication of a coming disaster than a general exodus of the rodents. As surely as the rats are seen leaving the mine, just so surely will a cave-in occur in the next day or two. Some miners are superstitious about the matter and fancy the rats are endowed with foresight, and so they are, but not of the kind that is commonly imagined.

A cave-in never takes place without warning. For days before a fall of any portion of the roof of the mine the earth and rocks are slowly settling into position for the grand crash. The rats feel the motion of the mass, probably hear the cracks that are caused by the settling of the layers, and imagine, if a rat can be supposed to have any imagination, that the earth is becoming alive, so they become panic stricken and rush out in swarms. It has often happened, both in this country and Europe, that the miners refused to go into a mine that the rats had deserted, and the caution was invariably justified by the event.

The Winter Route East.

When you think of going East, think of the Texas & Pacific, the true Southern Route, as it is called.

We can plan for you an ideal Winter trip through the fertile San Joaquin Valley or down the picturesque coast line of the southern Pacific via Los Angeles, journeying through the beautiful Orange and Olive groves of southern California, getting a glimpse of the Old World civilization of Old Mexico en route and on through the cotton fields of the Southland.

Pullman and Tourist Sleepers to St. Louis and the East; a new and excellent dining car service—meals a la carte; stopovers to visit the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas if desired.

For rate quotations, sleeper reservations, and all information about your trip, address or call upon Mr. W. J. Shawwell, General Agent, No. 625 Market street, San Francisco. It's not a bit of trouble to answer all your questions.

CASIORETTA.
The Kalamazoo Have Always Bought
Bears the name
Chas. A. Carter

HE LOVED THE THEATER.

Farces and Clowns Were the Joy of George III. of England.

Few men of any rank or time have ever derived so much unaffected pleasure from the theater as George III. In fact, in the words of a contemporary, it was "as good as a play to hear the royal laughter and note the genuine enjoyment of his majesty." "He is said," "The Literary Digest" wrote, "not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much. Farces and pantomimes were his joy, and especially when the clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, 'My gracious, monarch, do compose yourself!' And he continued to laugh and at the very smallest farces as long as his poor wits were left him."

So frequent were George's visits to the theater that "his face was the most familiar in London to playgoers, who took no more notice of his presence than if he had been a simple citizen, except when his boisterous laughter drew attention to him and started others laughing out of irresistible infection." As familiar a spectacle as that of his majesty purple and rolling with laughter was to see him sleeping peacefully as a child between the acts. So partial was he to actors that he permitted and even smiled at liberties which he would have resented in any one else. On one occasion, when Parsons was playing in "The Siege of Calais," the actor walked toward the box in which George was sitting and addressed him in the words of his part: "An the king were here and did not admire my scaffold I would say: 'Hang him!' He has no taste," a piece of impudence which threw his majesty into a fit of laughter.—London Tit-Bits.

PRONUNCIATION.

Read Over This Text and Then Consult Your Dictionary.

The following rather curious piece of composition was placed upon the blackboard at a certain teachers' institute and a prize of a dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made:

"A sacrilegious son of Belial who has suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a caligone and coral necklace of a chameleon hue and securing a suit of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as his confidant. He then dispatched a letter of the most exceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen and went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay, caligone, chameleon, suit, calligraph, calligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jugular and debris.

The Triumphant Spider.

A little garter snake about five inches long went to sleep in a wheelwright shop, and a big black spider spun a web around the reptile. When the little snake awoke it was literally in the toils and began to struggle. It finally managed to free its body, but not its head. Meanwhile the spider was industriously spinning fresh threads, stopping occasionally to give the snake a bite. Then the real fight commenced and lasted for an hour. The snake could not get away, but it tried its best to bite the spider, without avail. Weakened by its futile efforts and the successive stings of the insect, it gradually ceased to struggle and finally died. Then the spider, presumably triumphant, disappeared under the wall.

The Buttered Side.

A woman who is a close observer of children was out walking in the country one day, she relates, when she saw a little girl with solemn face sitting on a doorstep munching a huge slice of bread and butter. The only peculiarity about the operation was that she was holding the buttered side of the bread toward the ground. "Why do you hold your bread and butter that way?" asked the lady. "Tause," whispered the little maiden confidentially, "mamma says bread always falls butter side down, so if you hold it butter side down to start with and then drop it, why, of course, it falls butter side up."

Paid Her Back.

"Gracious, my dear," said the first society belle spitefully, "I trust you're not ill! You look so much older to-night."

"To I, dear?" the other replied sweetly. "I feel quite well. And you—how wonderfully improved you are! You look positively young!"

A Subtle Distinction.

"Did the critics like your performance of Hamlet?"

"The critics," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "liked it. But a large number of persons who assume to be critics did not."—Washington Star.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than a straightforward and simple integrity in her.

**J. G. Marcy & Son,
PLUMBERS**

Tanks, Pumps, Wind-mills, Water Pipes and Brass Goods.
And Dealers in
Broadway next door to Odd Fellows building.

GO TO THE

Central Market

FOR FINE

BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, PORK,
SAUSAGE, HAMS & BACON
VEGETABLES, EGGS, CHEESE
AND BUTTER
FRESH FISH EVERY THURSDAY.

HENRY WEBER,
PROPRIETOR.

BELLEVUE HOTEL

EL VERANO, SONOMA CO., CAL.

Terms: \$1.00 per Day and Upward Long Distance Telephone
Hot Mineral Springs Near By Daily Mail

JOHN SERRES
PROPRIETOR.

**General Merchandise
at Schocken's.**

Our Goods are Fresh—Our prices Low.

We offer specialties every week.
Give us a call and see how much we can save you.

S. SCHOCKEN

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Plaza
SONOMA

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CRANVILLE S. HARRIS, PROPRIETOR

FIRST-CLASS STABLES IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week or month. Terms reasonable.

Stage Office of the Southern Pacific Railroad

The "O K"

Napa Street, Sonoma.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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PROPRIETOR

Real Estate

H. H. GRANICE

DEALER IN

**Real Estate and
House Broker..**

Real Estate Bought
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Houses Rented and Rents
Collected.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF HANDLING
PROPERTY FOR ABSENT OWNERS.

Parties having Farms, Building Lots or any kind of business for sale will consult their interests by listing their property with me.

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Sonoma, Cal.

Phone
Main 95.

HALL'S Hair Renewer

VEGETABLE SICILIAN
It is true you want to keep your hair. If you are rich or poor, you want to keep your hair. If you are rich or poor, you want to keep your hair.

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Cars East**

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC
LINE.

Personally conducted. Quickest Time. Lowest Rates. Your choice of a dozen cities. Through cars to Portland, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Memphis, El Paso, San Antonio, Houston, New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.

Remember these cars run through to above-named cities without a change from Oakland and San Francisco. Our fast limited trains in connection with above mentioned service.

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Transacts a
General Banking Business.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

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Dealer in Smoker's Articles

813 Main Street,
PETALUMA, CAL.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM
CURES COLD IN
HEAD
AND
BRONCHITIS
NEW YORK

—AND—
Cures Catarrh and
Headache

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SONOMA INDEX-TRIBUNE.

Sonoma, Sonoma County, Cal., January 14, 1905.

H. H. GRANICE, Editor.
C. C. GRANICE, Associate Editor.

General Comment.

Professor David Starr Jordan maintains that the divorce evil is largely due to boarding-house life, and any one who knows the conditions of these pernicious havens for men and women must agree with the University President. The fashionable boarding-house, so-called, is all right for single men and single women. It is a necessary evil for these, but for the married couple it is a dangerous pit, beset with snares and gins. The single men and women who frequent boarding-houses are generally workers in the world, who eat and sleep and come and go. When married couples come to the boarding-house, the women have nothing to do all day long, so idleness is the first evil they fall into. From idleness a long train of evils result, and between that and gossip there can be no domestic happiness. Apartment houses hardly fall into the same category as the boarding-house, for there a family may live and be happy. But for gossip and slander and tale-bearing, nothing can compare with the boarding house. It is the quickest route from the altar to the divorce court.

One of the main topics of discussion in club circles at present is that of club federation—whether it shall remain federation of womans' clubs, or whether, for instance, the California Federation shall eliminate the word "womans," and take in men's clubs as well. The women are divided on this question. It would seem, however, that the admission of men to the federation would be of much benefit, in that it would broaden the work being done, and each would have the benefit of exchange of ideas. Then, too, it would lessen the growing breach between men and women. There would be more in common between them, and the womans' clubs could still preserve their individuality.

THE publication of the financial report of cities like Sonoma, as required by law, gives the people, in exact figures, what it costs to maintain a municipality. The report of the financial condition of Sonoma up to June 30, 1904, shows the receipts to have been \$8353.605, and the disbursements, \$2854.156. The expense of running a city are interesting. In Sonoma for the year 1903 to 1904 the expenses vary from \$689.35, for boring wells, to \$1 for giving a dog a decent burial. The largest expenditures were salaries, \$373; sprinkling streets, \$410.22; gravel, \$363.47; labor, \$103; well boring \$689.35; stone curb, \$214.80.

A FRATERNAL organization has presented a member with a clock. As time is money, the member should be well pleased with the gift.

THE fellow who murdered a man for a bottle of whisky must have had a thirst for liquor as well as blood.

THE royal dentist who committed suicide evidently did not have enough pull to keep himself alive.

THE bricklayers are in convention. This is the time they lay plans instead of bricks.

WHEN a fellow is hit with an axe, the happening may rightfully be called an accident.

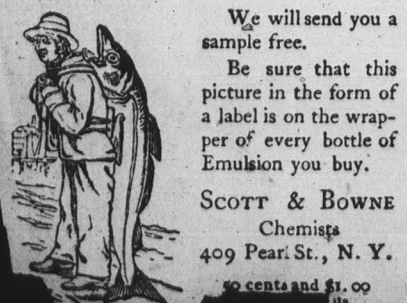
THE minister who wrote a cook book must not care much about saving souls.

Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.



Notary Public Appointed by Governor Pardee

Harley P. Mathewson, the attorney at law, has been appointed a Notary Public in and for Sonoma county to reside at Sonoma. The appointment was made this week by Governor Pardee.

Children Meet With Accidents

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Entler cut off one of its fingers, one day this week, while playing with a hatchet.

A small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Riebel fell and broke her right arm recently.

More Rain

More rain began to fall on Thursday, making a total of 14 inches for the season. This time last year the rainfall was but 10 inches. The rain yesterday came at a most opportune time and greatly benefited growing crops of all kinds.

Evening Post and Index Tribune \$7 per year.

Daily Call and Index-Tribune \$9 per year.

Reward.

Twenty-five Dollars will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any one cutting timber, either standing or down, on the banks of the creek along the

CALENDAR DAY IN SUPERIOR COURT

A resume of the calendar day proceedings in the Superior Court is as follows:

In Department One Judge Seawell presiding. Leland S. Higgins was appointed administrator on the estate of Archibald B. Higgins in a bond of \$6000.

The final account was settled and distribution ordered of the estate of George A. Morgan.

A sale of real property of the estate of Sarah V. Joy was confirmed. An order of sale of real property of the estate of M. A. McPeak was granted in a bond of \$4200.

The petition to invest funds of Charles and Emil Austin, minors, in San Francisco realty, was granted.

These matters were continued: Estates of N. R. S. Koch, Armsted Goatley, G. W. Park, William Currier and Jacob Allemen continued to January 16th.

The suit of Cordelia Gale vs. Sophie McGrew and others was continued to January 16th.

The statement on motion for a new trial and motion and notice of motion was settled in suit of Maynard vs. Frederickson.

In Department Two, Judge Burnett presiding, the action of the North Shore Railroad against Andrew Markham, which was to have come up on demurrer, was dropped from the calendar.

The second trial of the case of the State against John Hickey, charged with burglary, was set for January 17th.

These matters were continued: Wickersham Banking Company vs. Mrs. Charles Nicholas, Harwood vs. Hael, to January 16th; Haile vs. Grace to January 23d; estates of Lyda Wickersham and J. G. Wickersham to February 6th; Petaluma & Santa Rosa Railroad vs. Smith, Dunham and Jones; to January 10th.

There is no better place to stop in San Francisco than at the Langham Hotel, corner Ellis and Mason streets. It is six stories high, fireproof, convenient to all attractions, close to all car lines, and offers all the advantages of superior hotel service at small cost. The rooms are large, clean and well ventilated and the management courteous, polite and hospitable. Write for booklet and rates.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

Published Every Day of the Year.

LEADS

In those essential elements of enterprise and progress which go to make up

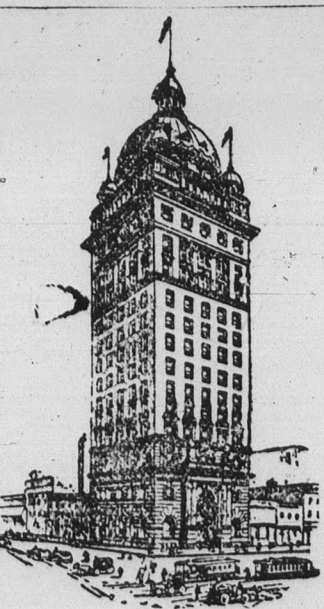
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Designed Especially

FOR THE HOME

IT PRINTS ALL THE NEWS.

Is Able and Carefully Edited.



Its columns are replete with bright, spicy gossip of Coast towns and cities.

It Works for the Welfare of the State.

THE WEEKLY CALL

A Sixteen Page Paper. Containing a report of the week's leading news features and many special features for the farmer and stock raiser.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

Subscription Price (Always in Advance), Including Postage within the United States, Canada or Mexico.

Daily, One year (including Sunday Call) \$8.00
Daily, six months (including Sunday Call) 4.00
Daily, one month (including Sunday Call) .75
Sunday Call, one year 2.50
Sunday Call, one year 1.00

Foreign, \$5.00 Per year extra
Postage, \$1.00 Per year extra
In Advance

THE SUMMER SEASON

WILL SOON BE HERE.

This is to remind those who did not receive Summer Visitors last year to consider the matter now, and arrange to do so this season.

The results to those on this road who did so last year were, on the whole, very satisfactory.

We would like, also, for those who have nice camping locations to send in full particulars, terms, etc.

If you will kindly forward this matter in accord with the blank below, we shall be pleased to advertise it in our "Vacation 1905." It is necessary for us to receive the information not later than February 15th.

As signatures are not always easily read, we shall thank you if you will be very careful in writing same.

Information Blank.

R. X. Ryan, General Passenger and Freight Agent, California Northwestern Railway.

190

Dear Sir—We would be pleased to have you advertise that we desire Summer Boarders, and for that purpose furnish the following information:

Name of place.....

Proprietor.....

P. O. address.....

LOCATION.

Give name of railroad station.....

Distance therefrom.....

Means of transfer.....

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Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Sonoma, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Skelton Gialster, deceased. No. 3884.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Blanche Elizabeth Wagner, executrix of the last will and testament of Thomas Skelton Gialster, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix, at the law office of Robert A. Pope, on the east side of the Plaza, in the City of Sonoma, County of Sonoma, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said County of Sonoma, State of California.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WAGNER, Executrix of the last will and testament of Thomas Skelton Gialster, deceased.

Dated December 24, 1904.

ROBERT A. POPE, Attorney for Estate.

First publication, December 24 1904.

PACIFIC RURAL PRESS
320 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
FOR A GENERATION THE LEADING FARM PAPER OF THE GOLDEN WEST.
Devoted exclusively to the interests of CALIFORNIA PRODUCERS.
EDITED BY THE MOST EMINENT ABILITY ON THE COAST.
MARKET REPORTS MOST COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.
EVERY ISSUE A COMPANION OF INFORMATION.
EVERY ISSUE WELL WORTH BINDING/KEEPING
52 ISSUES \$2.
SUBSCRIBE AT THIS OFFICE

\$25 Reward

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who have lately broken down the doors of the Old Mission buildings of Sonoma and otherwise damaged the property.

W. R. HEARST.

San Francisco, August 6, 1904.

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SONOMA INDEX-TRIBUNE.

Sonoma, Sonoma County, Cal., January 14, 1905.

H. H. GRANICE, Editor.

THE LOST PARADISE

THEORIES AS TO THE LOCATION OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Consensus of Learned Opinion Supports the Belief That Adam and Eve's Original Home Was on the Great Babylonian Plain.

Almost every spot of the globe has had the claim made on its behalf that it is the site of vanished Eden. Most persons seem agreed on the fact that paradise has disappeared from our midst. The question is, Where was it situated? To those who deny the Biblical story of man's genesis the question takes another form, and they perplex themselves as to the spot in which man first appeared on this earth. Some evade the difficulty by saying that man appeared in many different spots—that he did not spring from one original.

If we accept the doctrine of the Darwinians we are forced to confess that the place where man first evolved must have been anything but a garden of Eden. It must have been a haunt of mere animalism, and its food would certainly not have been fruit. Roughly speaking, therefore, there are two schools—those who believe that man came from a divine original, but fell away from his first estate, to which with infinite labor he may return, and those who believe that he evolved from the beast and is still evolving to the greatness that he may ultimately attain. Setting aside these somewhat discordant theories, we may well ask, Where was Eden?

The soundest scientists are agreed that mankind came from a single origin—whether a distinct creation or an evolution is beside the mark—and the original man must have had a local habitation. The geographical manuals and maps of the middle ages leave a good deal to be desired in the matter of accurate detail, but they have at least the merit of boldness, and if we go to them for an answer to our question we may get something like a definite reply. According to an old map of the thirteenth century, paradise is a circular island lying near India. It is surrounded by a wall in which is a gateway opening to the west. The gate is closed and the wall quite insurmountable. Our later atlases do not locate this happy island.

Other early maps would have us believe that Eden lay in central China. We can go with these ancient geographers so far as to place the probable site of man's birthplace in Asia, but the consensus of learned opinion does not incline either to India or China. Eminent authority supports the idea that Eden lay somewhere on the great Babylonian plain, watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates—the Perath and Hiddekel of Genesis. Other authorities give their vote for Armenia, possibly influenced by the tradition which says that the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, but this tradition would only point to Armenia as the probable first home of postdiluvian man.

Professor Delitzsch and Professor Sayce favor Babylon; Heidegger favors Palestine; Media, Arabia and the upper Nile have all their supporters. Quotations, treating the subject solely from a scientific standpoint, concludes that linguistic and other human types point to central Asia, but does not decide on any precise locality.

With the author of Genesis, as Dr. Kalisch has remarked, "Eden is geographically described in a manner which leaves no doubt that distinct locality was before the mind of the author." Even to those who think that this author was building on uncertain traditions it must yet be of interest to know what this locality was. Babylon was the most fertile land known to the ancient world; its poorest fields repaid cultivation fiftyfold, its better a hundredfold. Its luxuriance of fruit and grain was so great as to be actually embarrassing. There is no question at all that this district was the seat of Asia's earliest civilization and therefore why not say of the world's?

The idea of man created perfect and living in a garden of fruitful loveliness has always had a fascination for poor humanity, recognizing its present imperfections and the frequent distressing discomf of its present surroundings. Even those who knew nothing of the Bible story pictured such a spot for themselves. Every early mythology has its fortunate isles, its Atlantis, its Hesperides, its Arcadia and its Golden Age.

Some persons even conjectured that paradise had not been on the earth at all, but was an island floating in the air, something like the island visited by Gulliver. They did not wish to think that the sacred spot could be submerged by the waters of the deluge, and by this device they raised it above any such calamity. On this island dwelt the sacred phoenix; the well of life flowed there, the elixir of immortality; leaves never fell from the trees; the sun shone always on a perpetual summer. Men declined to believe that Eden had been destroyed forever. They preferred to imagine that its gates were closed to them for a season. To deem that such a spot could vanish seemed sacrilegious.

Many an early voyager and explorer had strange dreams of discovering some earthly paradise when he set out for unknown shores—dreams perhaps not spoken, but secretly nourished and strengthened by unconquerable force of romantic superstition that lived in the heart of ages in other ways so dark. Even the Elizabethans dreamed always of some more wonderful country to be discovered. Their toils and perils and fightings had ever the redeeming glamour of romance. In those days was the true poetry of travel. There was always some El Dorado, some hidden Eden, to be reached.—*Spencer's Independent.*

MARRIAGE IN MEXICO.

How the Engagement and Wedding Ceremonies are Celebrated.

The Mexican people are hospitable to a fault, always welcoming their friends even though they have not enough to eat themselves. And they religiously visit the sick, including those who have contagious diseases. They are also addicted to public social functions, the inevitable mode of entertainment being the dance. They are fond of music, though not proficient in the art of making it, probably more from lack of opportunity than from lack of capacity. The violin and guitar are the usual instruments of music, the repertoire of the local musicians being usually limited to a few tunes which are in equal demand for the dance and for the funeral.

One of the most interesting and beautiful of the social functions is the pre-dinner. When a young man wishes to marry he asks for the girl of his choice of the parents, not of the girl herself, and if she is given the pre-dinner at once follows, ushered in by shooting and demonstrations of joy. The bride and bridegroom are publicly presented to their future parents-in-law, after which the company pass in procession in front of the couple, each one dropping a piece of money into the hands of the bride. Then follows the inevitable dance. This public betrothal is considered almost as binding as marriage, and I have heard of but one instance in which the compact was not kept, the recent bridegroom in that case being visited with ostracism. The betrothal is usually followed by marriage just as soon as the services of the priest can be secured. The marriage ceremony is followed by a feast more notable for the abundance of things to drink than for things to eat and by the usual dance. Indeed the festivities are often prolonged for several nights after the wedding.—*Southern Workman.*

THE AGE OF STARS.

Color Aids the Astronomer in Making His Calculations.

As a star contracts from the surrounding nebulous matter from which it was thrown off its temperature rises, and with this augmented heat occurs a change both in the star's spectrum and color. Red-hot iron is not nearly so hot as white-hot iron. By observing the various changes in that which the metal undergoes the foundryman is able to tell with considerable accuracy its degree of heat. A somewhat similar method of gauging a star's temperature, and therefore its age, is relied upon by the astronomer. Color, then, and spectroscopic analysis enable the astronomer to estimate the age of stars that are only beginning to exist as stars and others whose light is fast fading.

After having coagulated, as it were, from a nebulous mass, a star assumes a color that may be best described as an intense bluish white, much like that of the electric arc. Stars of that hue are, therefore, in their infancy. Then comes the white stage, followed by the yellow, orange and red, each succeeding hue indicating greater celestial antiquity than the last. Up to the yellow period the star as it contracts grows hotter and hotter. Then a gradual cooling takes place. Accompanying the changes in color are changes in the spectrum of the star—changes that indicate a modification in physical structure. In the bluish white period of a star's infancy the characteristic wide lines of hydrogen gas predominate in the spectrum. As the color changes, the lines of calcium, magnesium and iron appear, the hydrogen lines gradually becoming thinner and those of calcium broader.—*Booklovers Magazine.*

Traffic in Human Skin.

The skin grafting experiments which have been so successful of recent years have led to a new form of livelihood, which is fairly remunerative. Several of the London hospitals have on their books the names and addresses of many men and women who have undertaken to sell portions of their cuticle whenever the necessity arises, and it is said that quite a regular traffic is now being done in the buying and selling of human skin. The persons who are willing to sacrifice their flesh for money are by no means confined to the poor and destitute class.—*London Mail.*

The Postal Union.

The first step toward the formation of the postal union, which has had such wide results, came from Germany in the shape of a proposal for an international postal congress. This met at Bern in 1873, when twenty-two countries joined the union, including the whole of Europe. A second congress met in Paris in 1878, when ten other countries came in, and the official title, "International Postal Union," was definitely fixed. Its sphere was further enlarged at congresses at Lisbon in 1883 and at Vienna in 1891.

The Attraction.

Prim Mother—My son, I am afraid you are going to make a mistake in marrying Miss Easyways. Both she and her mother are fearfully lax housekeepers. Son—I know it, mother; that's what I want. It's so comfortable over there, you know. I can sit down anywhere in the parlor without being told that I'm messing things up!—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Uneasy Seat.

"Pa," said Tommy, opening the paper, "who sits on the seat of war?" "No one," responded papa, "because the seat of war generally has a tack in it."—*Baltimore Herald.*

The great question is not so much what money you have in your pocket as what you will buy with it.—*Ruskia.*

Command great fields, but cultivate small ones.—*Virgil.*

A FAREE DINNER.

Cooking Details May Be Dispensed With in Preparing It.

Suppose you start on a trip across the mountains. You have plenty of "grub," but you accidentally left your cooking utensils behind—not a dutch oven, not a frying pan, not a tin plate even a tomato can. Do you suppose for a moment I would sit down on that sack of flour and starve? Not quite.

Build a big fire and when it gets low shove a lot of good old spuds under the coals. If you have fresh meat the way is clear for broiling. If not, slice your bacon, fry it on a stout switch and when your spuds are done break them open and allow the good old bacon grease to drop on them as it boils on the end of that stick. You want coffee. Rip the jacket off that canteen, bring the water to a boil, funnel your coffee in, and your coffee is ready. But how about the bread? No pan to mix the dough in, no article in which to bake the bread. You don't like asking? All right. Just mix your baking powder carefully in the top of the sack, pour in very little water at a time—don't be afraid of getting your fingers balled up—mix that dough right there, and when it is the desired consistency roll it out like a snake. Cut a cake from any old thing, wrap this snake shaped piece of dough around it in a long coil, turn it before the fire until it is good and brown, and you will have finer bread than grandma ever made.

If the average Arizona prospector can't take care of himself when he has plenty of raw grub it is strange.—*Mescal in Tombstone Epitaph.*

A KIND HUSBAND.

Should He Never, Ladies, Oppose the

Is the kind husband a failure? That depends. A husband can scarcely show his wife too much kindness. But sometimes real kindness may be shown in opposing her wishes. If the husband has any mind of his own he must use it. He need not mean in his opposition nor arrogant nor tyrannical. He should be reasonable at all times and disposed to highly regard the expressed wishes of his wife even though these wishes may seem to him to be whimsical or capricious. But—Kindness does not require subservience or entire and instant surrender of opinion. Indeed, it is easy to see how such surrender might lead a wife to despise her husband. He who fetches and carries like a poodle is likely to be considered a poodle.

Women admire strength in a man. This strength need not necessarily be physical, though that is desirable. Women love strength of character in a man. And—Is it not so, ladies? When a woman coaxes a strong man to her point of view by strenuous endeavor, does she not regard it as merit to have induced this big, strong being? If she gains her own way at once and at all times she has achieved nothing, and there is no rejoicing in her heart. Certainly a man should be kind to his wife—always kind. But he need not be an automaton or an echo or a plaything.

Is it not so, ladies?—*Albany Times-Union.*

Admitted the Lie.

Concerning King William IV. of England the following story was told, the Countess of Stratford being responsible for it: "The king was at dinner. Next to him was a titled woman whom he was entertaining with some extraordinary anecdotes, which the lady found it impossible to believe were true. She therefore answered, 'Oh, sir, I beg your pardon, but I really do not think that can be true.' To her surprise he instantly replied, 'You are quite right, ma'am, there is not a word of truth in it. It is a lie, ma'am, a lie. In fact, ma'am, we all lie; we can't help it. We had it from our mother.' This," concludes the Countess of Stratford, "was the biggest lie of all, for Queen Charlotte was a very truthful person, never given to lying."

Stories of the Gravediggers.

Grimly humorous is the tale of the gravedigger who complained that he did not get constant work. "But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in the duties of the office you would soon bury the whole parish."

"That might be, sir, but how am I to keep a wife and family unless I get regular work? 'Deed, sir, I havena buried a leevin' soul for the last six weeks."

Harder still was the case of another gravedigger who was asked to reduce his fee for digging a grave because, "and ye, James, she was an awid woman and was sair spent."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Not His Turn to Laugh.

Stranger—You are the only gentleman in the room. Guest—In what way, sir? Stranger—When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh at me. The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress.

Knew When to Stop.

Farmer Courtasse—Ye don't mean to tell me ye've stopped smokin'? Farmer Longjaw—Yep; threw away my pipe this mornin'. Been smokin' nigh on to fifty-seven years an' was afraid I'd didn't quit pretty soon I'd git the habit.—*Puck.*

Appropriate.

Foreigner—What is the significance of the eagle that is stamped on American money? United States Citizen—It is the emblem of its swift flight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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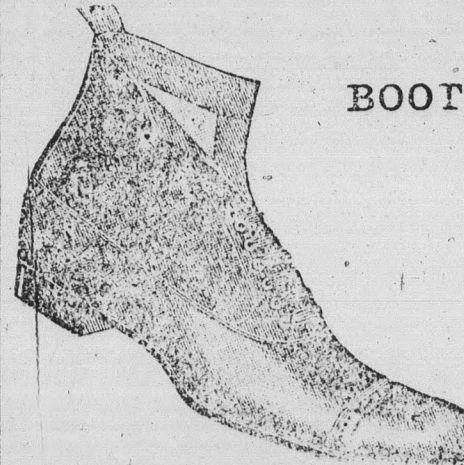
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Leave Sonoma.	Effective Oct. 2, 1904.	Arrive Sonoma.
WEEK-DAYS	SUN-DAYS	WEEK-DAYS
6:18 AM	6:30 AM	San Francisco 10:25 AM 10:03 AM
8:25 PM	8:37 PM	San Rafael and intermediates 7:15 PM 7:20 PM
10:03 AM	10:25 AM	Glen Ellen and intermediates 8:30 AM 8:18 AM
7:20 PM	7:15 PM	Intermediates 8:33 PM 8:25 PM
6:18 AM	6:30 AM	Novato Petaluma Santa Rosa and intermediates 7:15 PM 7:20 PM
8:25 PM	8:37 PM	Clearville Healdsburg Lytton and intermediates 7:15 PM 7:20 PM
6:18 AM	6:30 AM	Ukiah and intermediates 10:25 AM 10:03 AM
8:25 PM	8:37 PM	Whitts Sebastopol and intermediates 7:15 PM 7:20 PM
6:18 AM	6:30 AM	Clearville Healdsburg Lytton and intermediates 7:15 PM 7:20 PM
8:18 AM	8:30 AM	Clearville Healdsburg Lytton and intermediates 7:14 PM 7:20 PM

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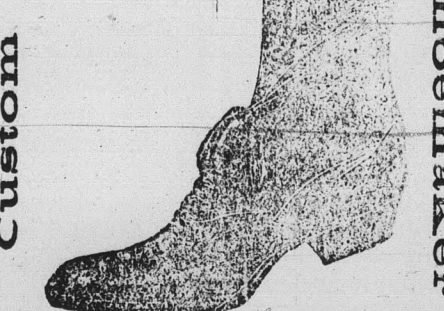
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